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DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE PART III

THE FANTASTIC FOUR HAVE BEEN SUBTRACTED. SPIDER-MAN IS NO MORE. THE AVENGERS ARE DISMEMBERED. THE HULK RESTS IN PEACE. YOU'VE SEEN ALL THAT, AND YOU'RE BACK FOR MORE? WELL, GOOD ON YOU—YOUR OLD PAL DEADPOOL'S GOT MORE KILLING TO DO BEFORE HE'S THROUGH. SOMETHING IS SPURRING HIM TO KEEP UP THE MINDLESS MURDER...AND YOU WON'T HEAR US COMPLAIN, WILL YOU? SOME OF HIS VICTIMS' LOVED ONES DISAGREE. THEY'VE HIRED THE TASKMASTER TO TRACK AND KILL DEADPOOL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. BUT OUR PAL WADE HASN'T EVEN KILLED THE X-MEN YET! HE'S GOTTA GET THROUGH PAPA XAVIER'S MERRY MUTANTS BEFORE HE'S KILLED THE ENTIRE MARVEL UNIVERSE...
BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT.

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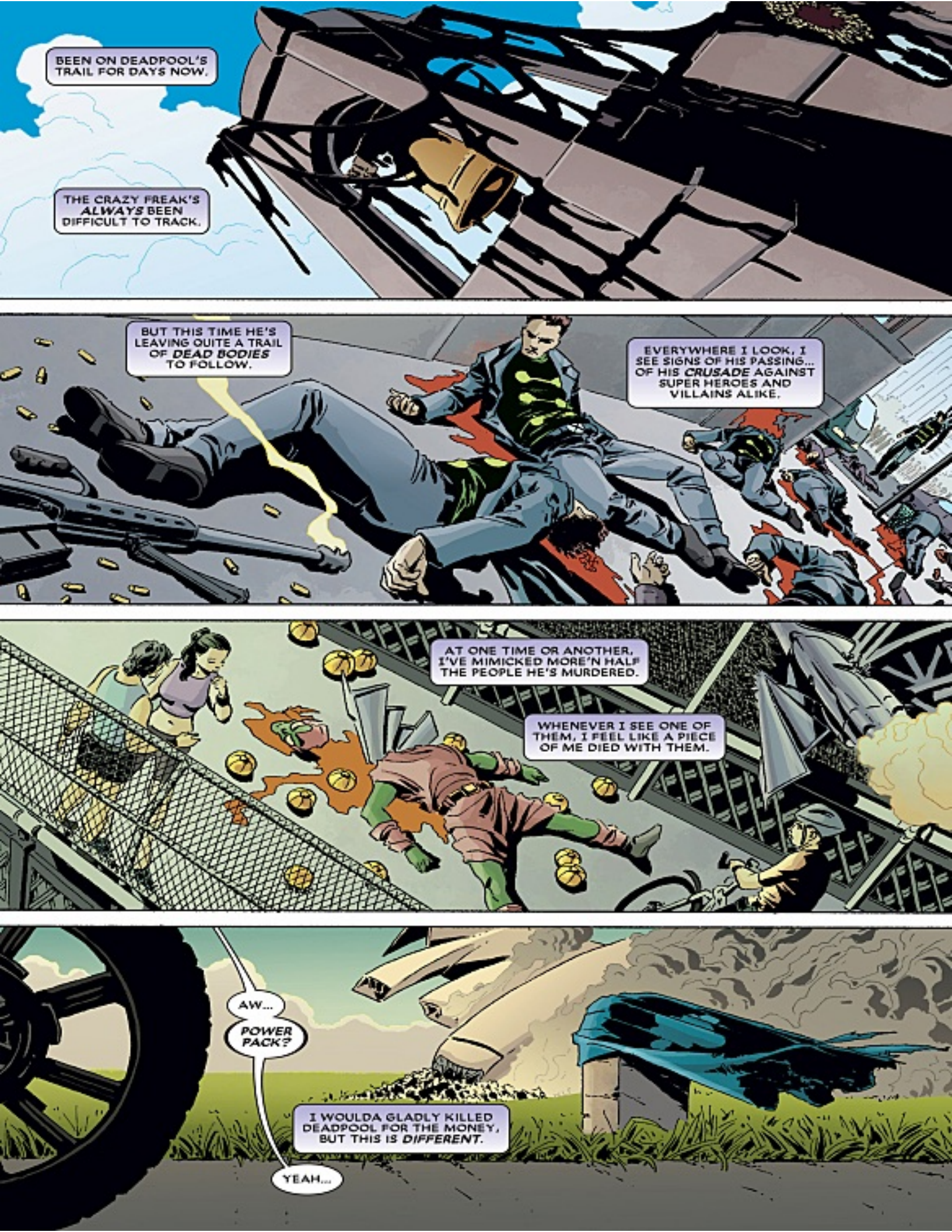
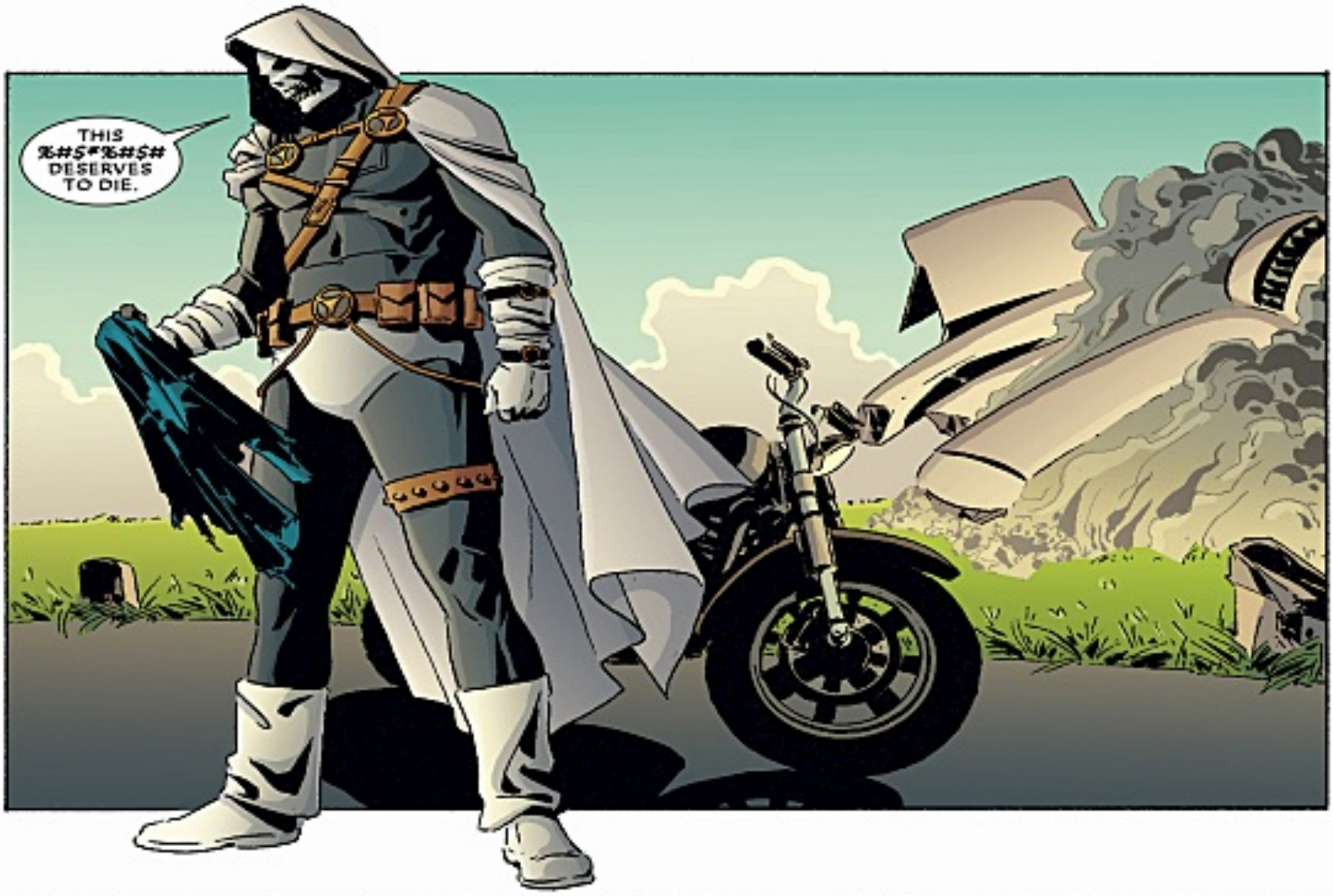
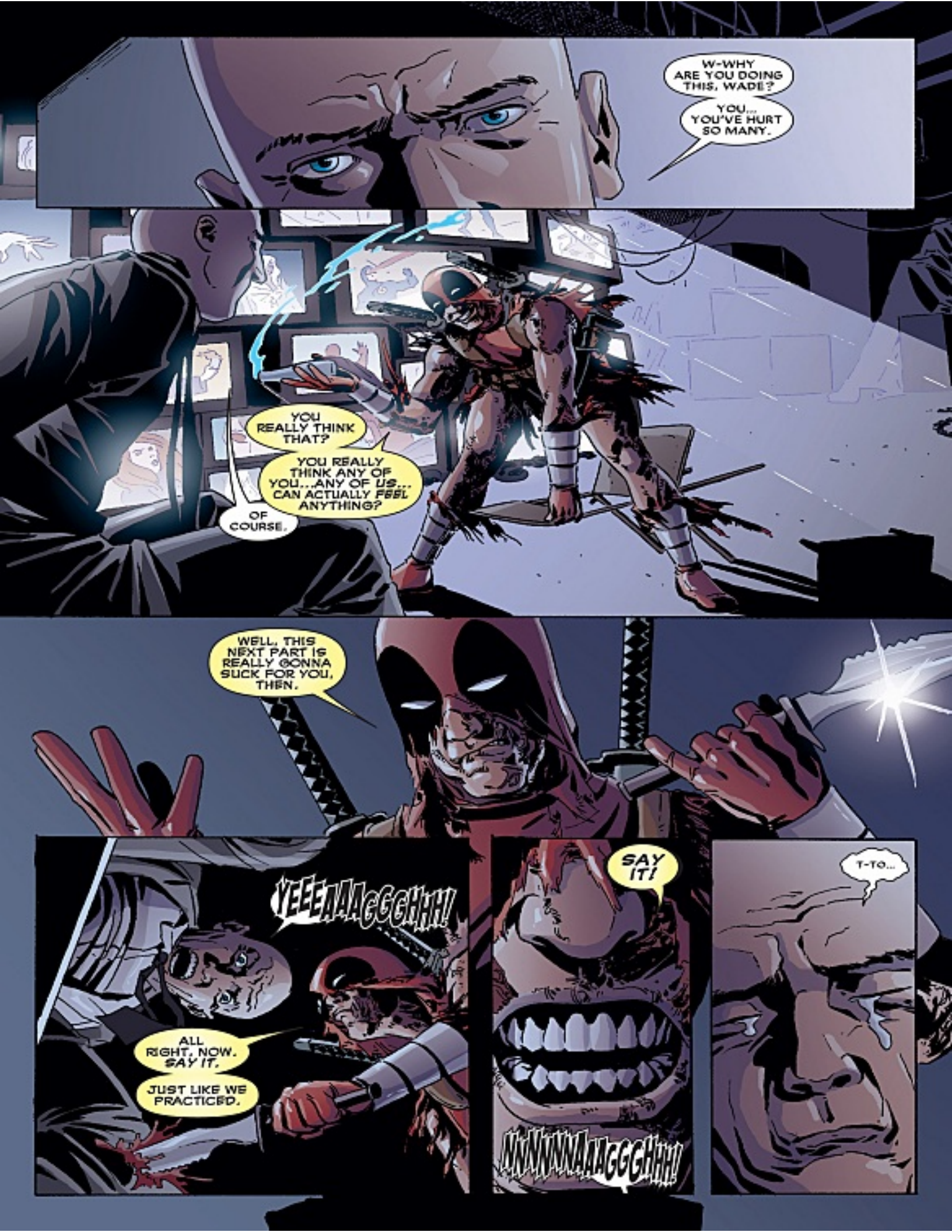

BEEN ON DEADPOOL'S TRAIL FOR DAYS NOW.
THE CRAZY FREAK'S *ALWAYS* BEEN DIFFICULT TO TRACK.
BUT THIS TIME HE'S LEAVING QUITE A TRAIL OF *DEAD BODIES* TO FOLLOW.
EVERYWHERE I LOOK, I SEE SIGNS OF HIS PASSING... OF HIS *CRUSADE* AGAINST SUPER HEROES AND VILLAINS ALIKE.
AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, I'VE MIMICKED MORE'N HALF THE PEOPLE HE'S MURDERED.
WHENEVER I SEE ONE OF THEM, I FEEL LIKE A PIECE OF ME DIED WITH THEM.
AW... *POWER PACK?*
I WOULDA GLADLY KILLED DEADPOOL FOR THE MONEY, BUT THIS IS *DIFFERENT*.
YEAH...


THIS %#$*%#$# DESERVES TO DIE.

GUESS THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT.
THE ONLY *REAL* QUESTION IS--

"--WHERE THE HELL IS HE?"
PSSST... PROFESSOR X...

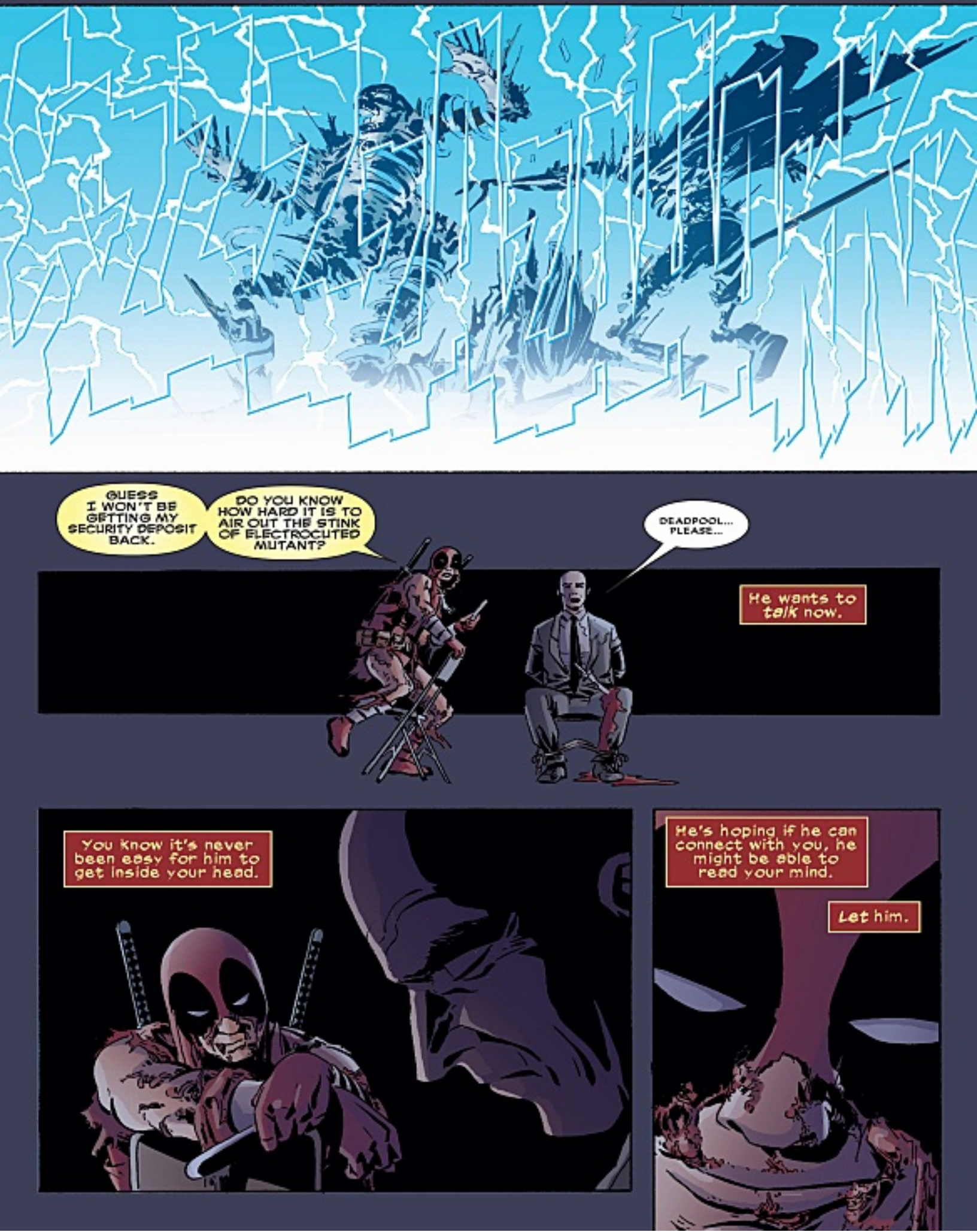
WAKE UP, BALDY.
YOU AND ME HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT.
YOU'LL GET ALL THE SLEEP YOU NEED WHEN YOU'RE DEAD.
AND--BELIEVE ME--YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG.
BESIDES...IF YOU PASS OUT NOW, YOU'LL MISS THE BEST PART OF THE SHOW!


W-WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, WADE?
YOU... YOU'VE HURT SO MANY.
YOU REALLY THINK THAT?
YOU REALLY THINK ANY OF YOU...ANY OF *US*... CAN ACTUALLY *FEEL* ANYTHING?
OF COURSE.
WELL, THIS NEXT PART IS REALLY GONNA SUCK FOR YOU, THEN.
YEEEAAAGGGHHH!
ALL RIGHT, NOW. *SAY IT.*
JUST LIKE WE PRACTICED.
SAY IT!
NNNNNAAAGGGHHH!
T-TO...

T-TO ME, MY X-MEN!
YOU HEARD THE MAN, SQUAD!
THIS PLACE MAY BE SET UP LIKE A MAZE, BUT WE CAN JUST MAKE A FEW DOORS OF OUR--
SCOTT!
MMMMPH!
SPLAT
WHAT IS THIS STUFF?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S DRYING FAST-- HARDENING!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF HE CAN BREATHE.

PIXIE!
WE GOTTA GET HIM OUTTA HERE! GET HIM SOME--
I THINK HE'S TRYING TO BLAST IT OFF...
SAM...
NO! LOOK--
AAARRGH!
SHHZZZZRRRRAAAAKKKK

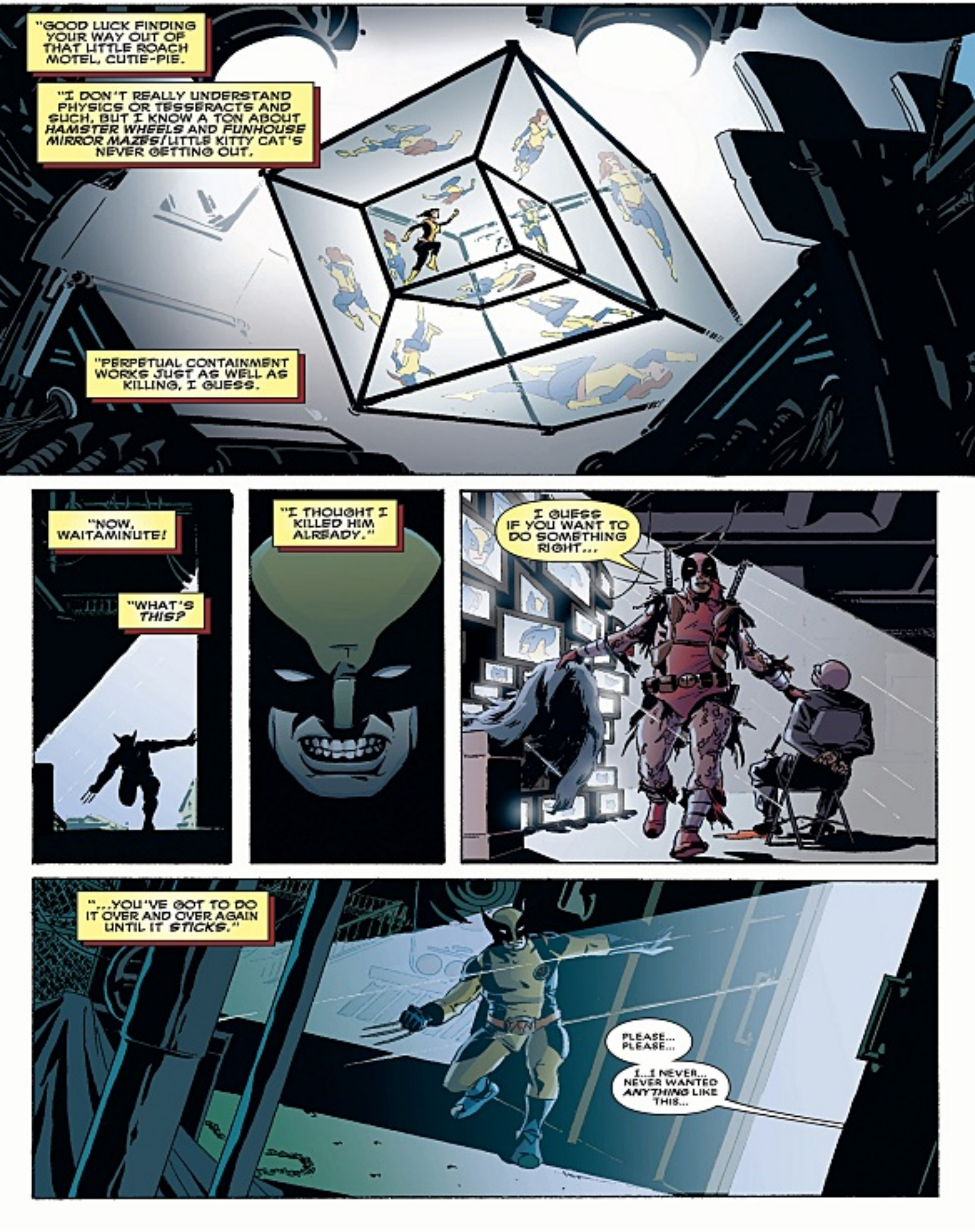
DEAR LORD!
SCOTT... EMMA...SAM...
THE OTHER ONE'S NAME WAS *PIXIE*, IN CASE YOU FORGOT.
NEVER COULD UNDERSTAND WHY YOU FELT THE NEED TO CONTINUALLY EXPAND YOUR CAST OF CHARACTERS--SORRY--YOUR *STUDENT BODY*.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, LET'S SEE HOW YOUR *OTHER* PROTEGES ARE DOING.
CLICK
RRRRAAAHHH!
SOMEONE'S TURNED THIS WHOLE PLACE INTO A DEATHTRAP!
WE'VE GOTTEN OUT OF WORSE SPOTS, THOUGH, NO?
I'M SURE COLOSSUS CAN KEEP THE WALLS FROM CRUSHIN' US LONG ENOUGH FOR--


GUESS I WON'T BE GETTING MY SECURITY DEPOSIT BACK.
DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO AIR OUT THE STINK OF ELECTROCUTED MUTANT?
DEADPOOL... PLEASE...
He wants to *talk* now.
You know it's never been easy for him to get inside your head.
He's hoping if he can connect with you, he might be able to read your mind.
Let him.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, CHUCK?
LET'S DISH.
SEE, I FIGURED IT ALL OUT.
EVERYBODY THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY...A STARK, RAVING MANIAC...ALL BECAUSE MY WORLD VIEW WAS A LITTLE DIFFERENT.
THAT'S NOT TRUE.
YES IT IS!
BUT...IT TURNS OUT I'M THE *ONLY* PERSON IN THE WHOLE WORLD WHO SEES THINGS CLEARLY... I JUST DIDN'T REALIZE IT.
YOU KNOW HOW THEY SAY YOUR *SUBCONSCIOUS* CAN WORK TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS FOR YOU WITHOUT YOU EVER REALIZING IT?
WELL, MY SUBCONSCIOUS HAS BEEN TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING FOR YEARS. I JUST WASN'T READY TO LISTEN.
IT WASN'T UNTIL *PSYCHO MAN* MESSED AROUND IN MY NOODLE THAT EVERYTHING CAME TOGETHER.
SO, I GUESS I SHOULD *THANK* YOU FOR HAVING ME COMMITTED.
SO WHAT IF I BREAK THE *FOURTH WALL?*
IT'S THE FOURTH WALL THAT'S BEEN BREAKING ME... CRUSHING ME...
...CRUSHING EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US...FOR AS LONG AS WE'VE BEEN IN EXISTENCE.

ENOUGH!
I WILL NOT LET YOU HURT ANYONE ELSE!
I'M SORRY, WADE, BUT I'M SHUTTING YOU DOWN.
YOUR MIND. I'M SHUTTING YOUR MIND DOWN.
I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE YOU NEVER...
NEVER...
NEVER!
OH... I NEVER... REALIZED.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHUCK?
DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU SAW IN MY HEAD?
CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH?
OHHH... BRAIN DEATH!
THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE, HUH?
OR VEGETIZE YOU, AT LEAST!

LAME!
LET'S HOPE WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR X-MEN PROVE MORE ENTERTAINING, HMM?
"LET'S SEE WHAT WE HAVE HERE...
"ONE MASTER OF MAGNETISM DONE IN BY JELLY.
"WELL...JELLIFIED ACID, ANYHOW.
"AH! THERE'S THE PRYDE AND JOY OF THE X-MEN!
"SUCH A PROBLEMATIC LITTLE SHE-GHOST...


"GOOD LUCK FINDING YOUR WAY OUT OF THAT LITTLE ROACH MOTEL, CUTIE-PIE.
"I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND PHYSICS OR TESSERACTS AND SUCH, BUT I KNOW A TON ABOUT *HAMSTER WHEELS* AND *FUNHOUSE MIRROR MAZES*/LITTLE KITTY CAT'S NEVER GETTING OUT.
"PERPETUAL CONTAINMENT WORKS JUST AS WELL AS KILLING, I GUESS.
"NOW, WAITAMINUTE!
"WHAT'S *THIS?*
"I THOUGHT I KILLED HIM ALREADY."
I GUESS IF YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING RIGHT...
"...YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN UNTIL IT *STICKS.*"
PLEASE... PLEASE...
I...I NEVER... NEVER WANTED *ANYTHING* LIKE THIS...

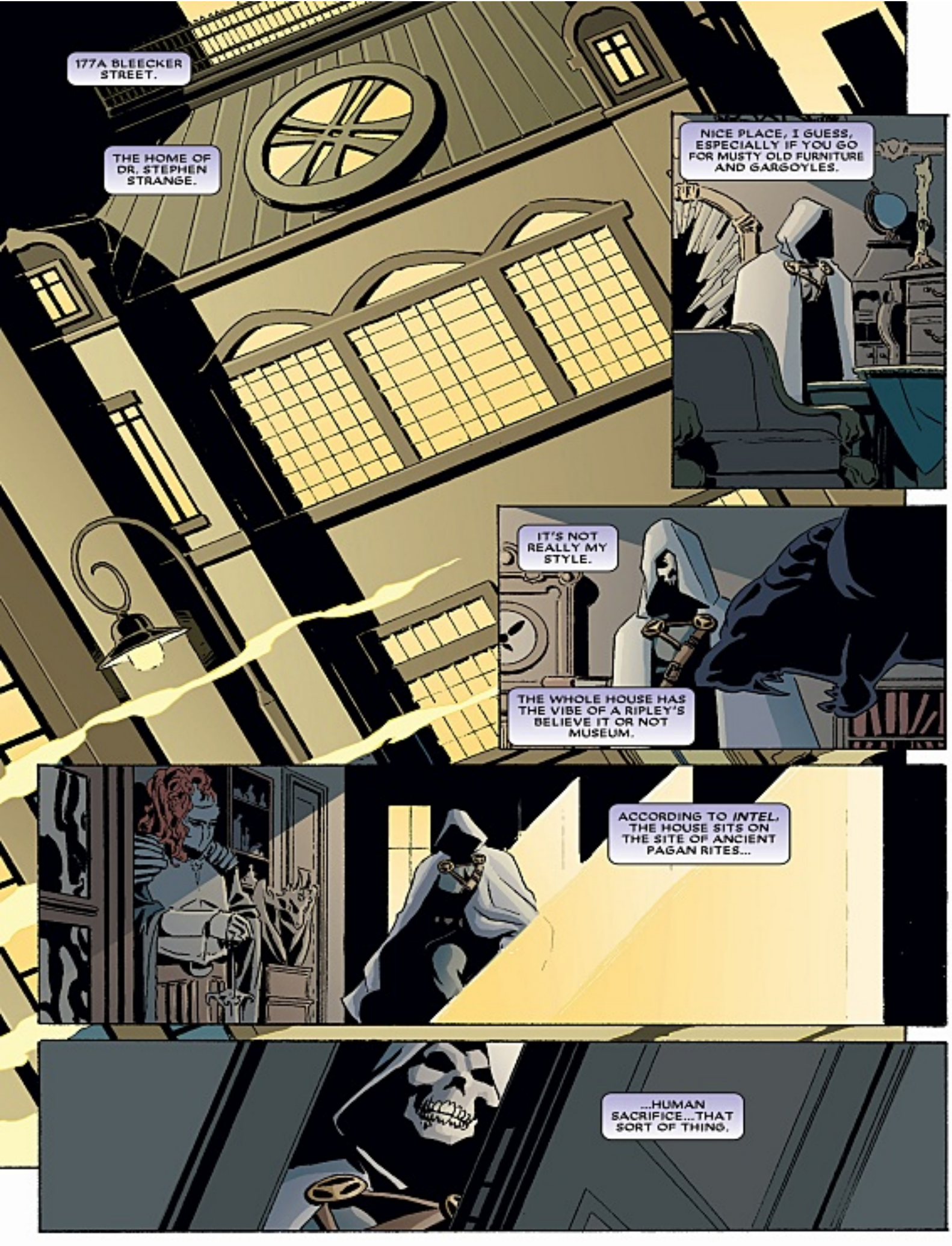
I...I JUST WANT TO GO HOME...
ARCADE.
YOU'RE WORKING WITH DEADPOOL NOW?
W-WOLVERINE?
OH, THANK GOD!
YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME OUT OF HERE!
HE'S...HE'S *INSANE*...YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE THINGS HE WANTS ME TO BUILD!
I...I DEDICATED MY LIFE TO DESIGNING *MURDERWORLDS*... BUT...BUT...*THIS*...THE THINGS HE WANTS... I JUST *CAN'T!*
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ANYTHING BUT A THORN IN MY SIDE, ARCADE.
EVERY TIME I SEE YOU, YOU'RE TRYING TO *KILL* ME OR MY FRIENDS.
I'M NOT HERE TO RESCUE YOU.

BUT I WILL PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.
SNIKT
FWMMP
SNF...
SNF...
SNF...

X-23...
DAKEN...
PRETTY NASTY. HUH?
COMPUTERS MONITOR THEIR VITALS...AND AS SOON AS THEY START REGENERATING, THE FLAMETHROWERS LIGHT 'EM UP.
IT'S HOW I'D DEAL WITH MY OWN HEALING FACTOR IF I NEEDED TO.
BESIDES... LIVE BAIT ALWAYS WORKS BEST, RIGHT?
I MEAN, IF WE'RE TALKING HUNTER-TO-HUNTER.
RRRAAAAAHH!

YOU'RE NO HUNTER!
YOU'RE MEAT!
REALLY?
I FEEL LIKE I LOOK LIKE A HUNTER...Y'KNOW... MAYBE LIKE A MOUNTAIN MAN OR SOMETHING.
A SAMURAI MOUNTAIN MAN!
THAT SWORD DOESN'T MAKE YOU A SAMURAI!

MAYBE NOT.
BUT IT IS A CARBONADIUM BLADE...AND I KNOW THAT WREAKS HAVOC ON YOUR HEALING FACTOR.
SSHUNK
GGGHH HH GGG
BUT SEE... I ALREADY KILLED YOU ONCE...AND I BET YOU'LL COME BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN...NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES I SLAUGHTER YOU.
YOUR TENDENCY TO COME BACK FROM THE BRINK OF DEATH HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR HEALING FACTOR.
YOUR MUTANT POWER ISN'T REGENERATION.
IT'S POPULARITY.
BUT DON'T WORRY.
I'VE GOT BIG PLANS...AND ALL THE POPULARITY IN THE WORLD CAN'T SAVE YOU THIS TIME!


177A BLEECKER STREET.
THE HOME OF DR. STEPHEN STRANGE.
NICE PLACE, I GUESS, ESPECIALLY IF YOU GO FOR MUSTY OLD FURNITURE AND GARGOYLES.
IT'S NOT REALLY MY STYLE.
THE WHOLE HOUSE HAS THE VIBE OF A RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT MUSEUM.
ACCORDING TO *INTEL*, THE HOUSE SITS ON THE SITE OF ANCIENT PAGAN RITES...
...HUMAN SACRIFICE...THAT SORT OF THING.

I GUESS SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE.
BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING MORE THAN A MURDER SCENE.
THE LIBRARY'S BEEN *TOSSED*.
DEADPOOL WAS *LOOKING* FOR SOMETHING.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, WADE?

WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY WANT WITH THIS MUMBO--

AW...

NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES
AW, NO.
THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.
CONTINUED.

NEXT:

PUNISHER PUNISHED!

EMPIRE
LOCK